

THE subscriptions at Manila for the cruise

23rd instant.

The French ironclad frigate *Turquoise*, 6,360 tons, Capt. M. Dupuis, arrived here to-day from Hong Kong, and the cruiser *Champlain*, 2,300 tons, Captain Daniel, from Amoy. Salutes were exchanged with H.M.S. *Audacious*.

From the Manila files to hand we observed that preparations were being made there to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of King Alfonso to-day (28th); but the news of his death would doubtless upset these arrangements. The flag of the Government buildings, the Consulates, and many of the shipping offices, as well as all the men-of-war in the harbour, were hoisted at half-mast to-day as a sign of respect for the deceased young monarch.

We are pleased to learn that a number of those gentlemen who interested themselves in organising the very popular "People's Concerts" last winter, together with some fresh blood, have reconstituted themselves a Committee for the purpose of organising similar entertainments this season. At a preliminary meeting, held in the Temperance Hall last night, it was decided to give only one entertainment this year, viz. on Thursday, the 19th December. Next year it is the intention to give a concert once a fortnight as before. We have not the slightest doubt but that the concerts will again prove a great success financially, and

Also provide genuine entertainment and enjoyment for the public.

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YESTERDAY we reported in our Police column a case of assault and robbery committed against a Portuguese lady while she was walking down Bonham Strand in the day time, and this morning another robbery of a somewhat similar nature was committed in Queen's Road Central. The victim in this instance was a lady who is on her way home from Shanghai by the S.S. *Challenger*. Having come on shore to make a few purchases, the lady, the wife of Captain Cook, was walking in the Queen's Road Central when she was accosted by a

central with a small catnip bag containing \$20 and a handkerchief in her hand, when a young scamp of some sixteen or eighteen years, snatched the bag from her hand and endeavored to bolt with it. Fortunately he was stopped and the bag recovered. The sentence passed upon the young thief this morning by Mr. Mackean was four or five days' hard labour, and half a dozen strokes of a mitten, a ridiculously light sentence for so serious a crime.

THE remarks of Prefect Ts'ui, published in another column, show at least a desire on his part to see China stand well with foreigners. This desire is no less un-

It is gratifying, and if carefully fostered when it shows itself both by foreigners and natives will do much towards removing ignorance and misapprehension which the Prefect deplors. Some of his strictures as to the treatment China receives from foreigners and foreign newspapers are undoubtedly true, but some of them are also exaggerated. In the main, making comparisons between foreigners and Chinese, it is but doing strict justice to exalt the foreigner not perhaps at the expense of the Chinese but at least in comparison with them. The charge of jingoism and ridiculing matters connected with China

is undoubtedly true to a certain extent, but until China improves herself it will be impossible to expect anything more. Unless the Chinese Government and people materially alter and improve their present mode of working and living, all the subsidized papers in the world will not increase their reputation with civilized people. Instead of subsidizing foreign newspapers, to win for China the esteem of foreign nations, we would advise Prect Te'ni to recommence the subsidizing of native newspapers conducted by men of probity on the same line as some of the leading English journals, wherewith to raise and educate the people.

Then there may be some chance of our gradually gaining that respect and admiration which the Prefect proposes to confer on her.

THE result of the Home elections so far have been to leave the Liberals and Conservatives surprisingly even. It is scarcely probable that the two parties will continue to run each other so closely, but it is at least that the contest will be a keen one. Under the Redistribution Bill, passed during the session, England's representatives were to be increased by 6, from 433 to 439; Scotland's by 12, from 30 to 42; and Wales and Wales were to retain the same number, 103, and 30 respectively.

a total of 670 as compared with the former total of 602. If we mistake not, however, the number of new seats was slightly reduced while the bill was passing through the House, at the moment we cannot find the exact figures. The number of boroughs alone franchised was 160, of these 91 were represented by Liberals, 42 by Conservatives, and the remainder by Home Rule men, nearly one half of the whole.

THE LADY AND THE LAD.

A LEGEND OF CHINA.

Miss Winifred Wimple (et al 46) loquacious.
It was a tiny little boy
That sat and sobbed alone,
I asked him 'wrought' him such 'anxiety'
What troubles he had known.

'The trouble, don't you see, is this,
I've been and lost the match;
I'm certain I shall catch it, miss,
Because I missed the catch.'

'A match!' said I, with sudden fears,
'I hope you do not smoke.'
He looked suspicious through his hair,
And called it wrong to joke.

'It's cricket, m'am, I'm speaking of,
I had an easy ball;
(I'd sooner have lost a son,
And that is why I squall.'

He sobbed anew with piteous grief,
That would not be controlled;
'Cheer-up,' I said, 'it's my belief
You never have been bold.'

'I'm certain I was bowled,' he cried
(As one in doleful dumps);
'The ball came breaking from the side,
And disarranged my stumps.'

'It's true our captain proved to me
Our foe were not in clover;
I would have done you good to see
Him send a maiden over.'

With horror I—'Oh, coward hand,
To strike a fellow player!
He said, 'You quite misunderstand.
It was not thus we played.'

Of 'pretty drives,' then spoke this elf,
Which made him 'look alive';
'I have a pony-trap myself,
And love a 'pretty drive.'

But still, in all that I could enquire,
He harped upon his woes,
And how the ball he tried to catch
Had caught him—on the nose.

'Well, never mind, but face it out,
You must have had some fun,
You got a score of runs, no doubt!
'I did not score a run!'

'The wicket was a wretched snare,
I just my usual luck,
I played with extra-doubt care
And went and got a duck.'

'I'm glad you got a duck, my dear;
Your mother will be glad;
You do not seem to have it here;
Where is the duck, my lad?'

He rose, as one of sense bereft;
A glare was in his eye;
He turned upon his heel and left,
And did not say good-bye.

—Land and Water.

WHAT HANGING IS LIKE.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.
The following account of the sensations
of hanging is sent us by a correspondent
who is a member of a kind of 'Suicide
Club,' and was actually, he says, partly
hung the other day, in the presence of
several friends:

'A good stout rope had been obtained.
This was securely fastened to the rafters of
the barn roof. I pulled at the rope with
my hands to make sure that it would not
break. Then I permitted myself to be
blindedfolded and mounted on a chair. For
the moment, I admit, I was great.
To turn pale and tremble. I soon, however,
recovered my presence of mind. Putting
my head through the noose, I gave the
signal. I felt the chair drawn from under
me. There was a great jerk, and I felt
a violent pain in my neck, though my
heart had all the while become too tight.

Now comes the most curious part of my
experience. After the first feeling of torture,
which I admit was decidedly severe, I lost
consciousness. I seemed to be transported
into a new world, more beautiful than any
thing imagined by the poets. I was prime
mating, methought, in a sea of oil. The feel-
ing was exquisitely delicious. As I swam
easily and without effort through the liquid
mass I noticed afar off an island of the
most glorious emerald green in colour.
This it was my wish to reach. I swam
lazily and contentedly on. The sea grew
ever more beautiful. The sun was great
and bright. At one instant it was a mass of
gold, as though the sun were shining
brilliantly on it. The next moment it was a
vivid blood-red; but there was nothing
disgusting in this new colour. I kept
changing, in fact, to all the hues of the
rainbow, yellow and red being the pre-
dominant tints. I got nearer and nearer
to the island. As I approached it there
sprang out suddenly from the ground a
number of people strangely transfigured,
whose faces seemed to be made of gold.
I at last reached the island. A magnificent
chorus of voices, human and those of birds,
burst forth. I closed my eyes in ecstasy.
I floated calmly on to the shore, and lay
as a child in its cradle, slightly weakened
from, as I supposed, the enervating effect
of the only matter in which I had been
swimming. At last I opened my eyes.
The magic charm was at once dispelled.
The divine harmony ceased. The faces
were still peering at me with an expression
of eager curiosity, but I perceived that
they belonged to the members of our
society. The past in entire possession of my senses.
My friends had fortunately not me down in
time. I was still weak—too weak to at once
relieve my friends' curiosity. When I was
able to speak I told them my experiences.

Though I drew a charming picture of
bliss which I had felt, not one of them
would consent to try my experiment. They
all considered my conduct heroic, but
absolutely refused to emulate me. They
said I looked so ghastly!

THE WICKED CURATE.

The wicked curate had but to supercede
the wicked baronet as a stock character of
modern fiction. Scarcely a week passes
without some sinister paragraph couched in
mysterious terms hinting that an Anglican
person of inferior degree has been guilty
of crimes which would make the fortunes of
a writer of melodramatic romances, to say
nothing of an evening newspaper. If
matters go on at this rate, every one will
be looking for the physical traits associated
with Mephistopheles beneath the sombre
habitations of the ecclesiastic, with the
low-crowned felt hat and the well-polished
coat of broadcloth. In all matters of personal
appearance the wicked curate forms an un-
mistakable contrast to the Sir Boothby of
the moribund creation. The immortal baronet
may have had a forbidding expression
and in the phrase of gipsy fortune-tellers,
a wicked eye. But his features were well
cut, and he was a handsome man. He had
what the writers who loved to draw his
portrait described as immaculate linen, and
a coat of faultless cut. No one can charge
the wicked curate with these outward and
visible signs of confirmed depravity. It is
difficult to believe that he is a villain, any
body, or, come the pulse of the most in-
carnate of Arabian nympha to quicken.
He is a shuffling, unkempt, unshaven crea-
ture, who combines with the appearance of
a Scripture-reader in reduced circumstances
some of the tastes of the wicker.

runs riot in what are called, in ascetic
parlance, sins of imagination. He loves to
haunt the boundary which divides propriety
from impropriety. He does not look for
virtue even in those who are presumably
figural in seeming out, corruption where to
the secular eye no corruption is. So vivid
are his sketches of vice of imagination that
he is more likely to stimulate the sinner
than to make the saint. If he were more
personally presentable, he might, indeed,
be described as a man with nasty ideas.
He is too often what his ideas are. Occa-
sionally he gives rise to a scandal, and on
the morrow after he has delivered one of
his most highly-coloured homilies against
sins of imagination, it is announced that
the wicked curate has disappeared under not
too creditable circumstances.

A perusal of the report of the transactions
at last week's Church Congress suggests
the question, how far the wicked curate
can be considered a type of the whole eccle-
siastical order? We have nothing but
praise for the impulse only the most ex-
cellent motives to the great majority of
the ecclesiastics and laymen who assisted
at this conference. But the practical
question is, what impression will their
deliberations leave upon the world? Ob-
viously the answer to such an inquiry
depends upon the degree of prominence
conferred upon the different portions of their
proceedings. They have no doubt busied
themselves with many perfectly legitimate
matters. But the papers dealing with
these have not been given their ingenuity
to the pulpit, and the wicked curate
who formed the principal feature
in the doings of the conference he could
only reply, the paper read by a Royal
Academician on the painting from the
nude model, and the debate which, as a
testimony to its history, followed it.

It will be estimated at the avidity with
which Mr. Horsley's revelations of the in-
terior of the studio were devoured. What
is astonishing is, that a gentleman of
Mr. Horsley's position, endowed with so
finished and urbane a manner, should
confess to such Stigianian talk. Mr.
Horsley may have gratified the ears and
the imagination of the wicked curate. But
he has done so at the cost of making him-
self ridiculous, not only to artists, but to
many other persons. A leg of a table may
be a very improper anecdote, but if it is
to be painted it will not do, even at the
risk of outraging Mr. Horsley's feelings, to
cover them with nicely-frilled muslin. The
human form may be a deplorable object
to represent on a canvas, but if it is to be
represented it must be studied, and the
painter of it must know something of the
anatomy. The labours of the dissecting-
room are generally held necessary for the
science which has as its object the preven-
tion of disease—and the saving of human
lives. But, according to Mr. Horsley, every
temple of human clay thus examined
with the aid of the scalpel ought to be de-
corously contained. Art and nature may
both be evil things, but there can be no art
without nature; and if Mr. Horsley wishes
to abolish nature, and to insist that every
human being born into the world should
first appear upon this earthly stage not
only with a hand and tongue, but with neat
trousers and high frocks, let him contrive
this arrangement, and then, and not till
then, he will be able to reform the processes
of art.

If Mr. Horsley meant that the practices
which painters here at all periods of
history have at times necessary are not
defensible on purely ethical and aesthetic
grounds, we should understand him. But
in that case what ought he to have done?
Surely to have said nothing about them;
or, at least, to have given them no more
than a passing notice, and to have left
every student in a necessary condition
of artistic science. Evil communications,
however, corrupt good manners, and it is
plain that the wicked curate has degraded
the austere Royal Academician. It is not
happy moment Mr. Horsley consented
to deliver an address to an assembly
of expectant ecclesiastics and ecclesiasti-
cally-minded laymen. It was necessary,
therefore, for him to speak it highly,
and he has in consequence imbued the
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